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CONWAY CASTLE;

V E R S E S

TO THE MEMORY OF
THE LATE EARL OF CHATHAM;

AND

T H E M O O N,

A S I M I L E.

[Price 2s.]

CONWAY CASTLE

THE R.S.E.

THE LATE EARL OF CHESTER

THE M.O.N.

19
CONWAY CASTLE;

A P O E M.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

V E R S E S

TO THE MEMORY OF

THE LATE EARL OF CHATHAM;

A N D

T H E M O O N,

A SIMILE FOR THE FASHIONABLE WORLD.

BY JAMES WHITE, Esq. *R*

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR J. DODSLEY, IN PALL-MALL.

M.DCC.LXXXIX.

CONWAY CASTLE

A. P. O. E. M.

V. E. R. S.

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AND

T. H. E. M. O. N.

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CONWAY CASTLE,

A P O E M.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

*I*N the following Poem, the Authour hath made trial of a form of versification, that might imitate, in some respects, the elegiac measure of the Greeks and Romans. In their elegy, the ear was relieved by the manner of terminating the second line in every distich: this imparted, at the same time, an additional plaintiveness to the composition. But the mode here attempted may be said to possess one advantage over that of antiquity, in being adapted not only to the melancholy strain, but also to subjects of an elevated nature. It appears to be capable both of tenderness and majesty. It cannot, however, be employed in productions of any great length; it being difficult to find in our language a sufficient number of double rhymes that are suited to serious poetry. In reading this new-constructed measure, it must be observed that, in general, the voice should not fall at the end of every second line, (as is the case in the antient elegiac verse) but at the conclusion of the stanza. It should not sink even there, if the period be lengthened out to two or three stanzas, but must be managed as in reciting prose, or blank verse.

CONWAY CASTLE, the subject of this Poem, stands on a rocky eminence, washed by that inlet of the sea which flows between the counties of Denbigh and Caernarvon. It was built by King Edward I. for the security of his conquests in North Wales, and was, occasionally, the royal residence. According to Mr. Pennant, it was erected in the style of those fortresses in Palestine, which Edward had seen in his expeditions to the crusades. Even in their present state, the walls and Castle of Conway afford the most complete example to be met with in this island, of the strength and grandeur of fortified places in the days of chivalry.

After all, it must be confessed, that, except the novelty of metre, the following stanzas have but little to recommend them. In Gray's elegy, there is scarce a line which doth not contain some useful reflection. Here, the reader (it is to be feared) will find

Versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.

CONWAY CASTLE.

CONWAY, deserted pile, in whose exhausted halls
The discontented winds fresh wrath engender,
Whose figure knightly times to Fancy oft recalls,
Take the sole boon a passenger can render,

Who to thy tow'rs august in giddy wonder clings,
Thy mien unhumbled by mishap rehearſes,
Thine aged arches grey and ſea-worn rampart fings,
And moſs-clad battlements, in plaintive verſes.

Where oft in victor EDWARD's hand the goblet flow'd,
 Where oft the dance was gay, perch'd owlets slumber, 10
 And these thy roofless rooms, dull Horror's chill abode,
 Now formless fragments and vile clay encumber.

Droop not, deserted pile, in gallant ages known
 Of subject WALLIA the superb defender;
 O! for Amphion's lyre! soon each neglected stone 15
 Should rise, rejoic'd, to its primeval splendour.

Ev'n tho' ill-omen'd rooks reign here, and bats unseen
 Await the dusky hour of day's descending,
 And pavements, erst so bright, a solemnness of green
 Now hides, a melancholy vesture lending; 20

Ev'n tho' thy flameless hearths, alas! now chear no more,
 Tho' Rapine durst thy massive gates dis sever,
 Tho' ragged shrubs depend where trophies hung before,
 And all thy chivalries are fall'n for ever,

Time,

CONWAY CASTLE.

5

Time, as in deep remorse for what his rage devours, 25

Touches with lenient hand thy echoing chambers,

The tempest learns to spare thy still-aspiring tow'rs,

Ev'n ivy o'er thy walls unwilling clammers.

Aid me, high-crested mafs, uplifting to the skies

Thy turret-crowned front, now unaffrighting, 30

To view where far remote the reflux ocean flies,

In one wild bluenefs with the heav'ns uniting.

See too where Culture fmiles around these lofty courts,

And from this fable nich invites me yonder;

O that my CLAUDIO liv'd, thro' these embattled ports, 35

And fun-gilt pinnacles with me to wander;

'Twas his far other scenes in distant climes to view,

For thee, fair Health, fell danger oft defying,

When to TUNISIAN plains the youthful errant flew,

To plains new wisdom and new life supplying, 40

That

That in illustrious days to HANNIBAL gave breath,
To SCIPIO fame, to REGULUS disaster,
Where JULIUS won the world, when thy indignant death
Great CATO, freed thee from a kingly master.

On plains where PUNIC pride and ROME's stupendous pow'r
Left stately tokens of their toils and glory, 46
He, 'midst the precious havock, pass'd th' instructive hour,
And thro' their reliques trac'd their matchless story.

And here, O well-remember'd worth, much-honour'd name,
Receive an ornament esteem bestows thee, 50
What truth, and filial love, and feeling energy may claim,
And fortitude hath earn'd, and friendship owes thee.

Thou wast where TULLY's voice triumphant senates fir'd,
'Gainst trait'rous arms intrepidly employing
Arts that from Heav'n he drew, in TUSCULUM retir'd, 55
Divine voluptuousness of thought enjoying.

Did not good DORIA's bust inflame thy patriot soul?

Blest Chief! that could reject a regal station,
To loose a fetter'd land, Ambition's rage controul,
And rouse to grandeur an afflicted nation.

60

But hark!—what querimonious sound thus soft proceeds

From yon damp grotto's disregarded border;
Brambles embrace it rude, and tyrannizing weeds
Usurp its edge with insolent disorder.

The spirit of that spring that from the deeps below 65

In elder days uprose a crystal treasure,
Within this warlike space delighting to bestow
Perennial aid with undiminish'd measure.

Ver. 57. *Good DORIA's bust.*] The statue of prince Andrew Doria, before the Doge's palace at Genoa. Ariosto celebrates this great man in the *Orlando Furioso*, canto *xv*. stanza 33 and 34.

Questa pieta, ch' egli a la patria mostra,
E' degna di piu honor, &c.

Stranger,

Stranger, (the phantom cries) who, from that bleak alcove
 These lonely structures with a sigh surveying, 70
 Seek't thro' their viewless vaults and dismal ways to rove,
 And rev'rend fastnesses to dust decaying;

Lo! I, a water-sprite, for half a thousand years
 To the deaf cavern of my lot complaining,
 Bedew the rock's recess with never-resting tears, 75
 The dreary waste above and wreck disdaining.

Shall I, ye cheerless haunts and hoary chambers, tell
 What tilts for ladies' fakes, (the lover's duty)
 What feats, what festive rites, what am'rous deeds befel,
 Adorning your undefolated beauty, 80

By EDWARD grac'd with spoils from PALESTINA's coast,
 Britons with dreaded mightiness atchieving
 Full many a blaz'd exploit, of heraldry the boast,
 In wars for CHRIST with kingdoms unbelieving?

Here to the dulcet harp fall'n Infidels were fung, 85
Fall'n, when on Sion wav'd the red-cross streamer;
The minstrel swept the chord, th' heroick audience rung
The peers who won the tomb of the REDEEMER.

Still, oft ere midnight ends, innoxious spectres roam,
With joy the realms of the departed quitting, 90
And fondly thro' the vast and solitary dome
In nimble squadrons wonderfully flitting :

In th' hour when all is hush'd, (save that the screech-owl
screeams,

Or o'er these oozy rocks the billow rages)
Magnific thro' the shade the polish'd cuirass gleams, 95
And chief with chief in tournament engages :

Shot thro' the fullen dusk the deathless arrow flies,
And the toft lances quiver unappalling,
The mace, (tremendous arms !) the faulchion's crooked fize,
And the dire battle-ax innocently falling. 100

Thin visions fleet athwart, and sudden voices strange
 Along dim alleys are o'erheard resounding,
 And shapes of martial mode their airy files arrange,
 Each well-known limit watchfully furrounding.

But when th' exalted moon her magnitude resumes, 105
 (Meet season for the wanton ghost to revel)
 Elves and fantastic forms forsake the silent glooms,
 And in glad troops trip o'er this grassy level.

But now no thirsty knight this fountain e'er shall taste,
 Nor high-born barons at my brink assemble, 110
 No more, with badge of love or captive pennon grac'd,
 Shall the plum'd morion in my surface tremble.

Like you, my sister-streams, soft-winding from that wood,
 Nurs'd by the skies, and by the swains befriended,
 Ah! could I glide, like you, to CONWAY's kindred flood—
 She said, and, weeping, to her cave descended. 116

Ver. 111. *No more with badge of love, &c.*] In the tournaments, the knights wore in their helmets some token from their mistresses, or the banners taken from their adversaries.

Ver. 116. *CONWAY's flood.*] The river CONWAY which flows near the castle.

And

And yet, thou forrowing sprite of yon forsaken spring,
An happier fate shall change thy song of sadness,
These halls, unhonour'd now, with revelry shall ring,
These oak-crown'd hills return the note of gladness. 120

Ev'n to the misty cliffs that shade the CAMBRIAN plains
Shall Commerce, child of Peace, grim Want disarming,
Extend her jocund fway ; where lonesome Echo reigns,
Shall Plenty tune her voice, the village charming.

Then, spirit of the Spring, shalt thou lament no more ; 125
Art, with admiring eyes this fabric viewing,
Shall with her skillful hand its Gothic pride restore,
And CONWAY's princely domes redeem from ruin.

Thin visions fleet athwart, and sudden voices strange
 Along dim alleys are o'erheard resounding,
 And shapes of martial mode their airy files arrange,
 Each well-known limit watchfully furrounding.

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Ver. 116. *CONWAY's flood.*] The river CONWAY which flows near the castle.

And

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These oak-crown'd hills return the note of gladness. 120

Ev'n to the misty cliffs that shade the CAMBRIAN plains
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CONWAY CASTLE

1. The castle is situated on a hill overlooking the town of Conway.

2. It was built by the English in the 13th century.

3. The castle is a fine example of medieval architecture.

4. It is one of the best preserved castles in the north of Wales.

5. The castle is open to the public.

6. It is a popular tourist attraction.

7. The castle is a fine example of the work of the architect, Robert de St. Leger.

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TO THE
M E M O R Y
OF THE LATE
EARL OF CHATHAM.

ONE irksome day from fam'd St. Stephen's stole
PORTIUS, a senator of pensive soul,
Seeking with rev'rent steps that hoary pile
Where kings and heroes sleep. From isle to isle
He stray'd, and in the mould'ring marbles read, 5
With studious eyes, the praises of the dead.
In these still moments, when th' unfetter'd mind
Left each low thought of selfish care behind,

Unseen

Unseen he rovd to where in hallow'd clay
Ador'd, O PITT, thy glorious relicks lay, 10
Invok'd thy shade, and mus'd upon thy dust,
And gaz'd with fervid rapture on thy bust.
Hail! thou, he cried, whose godlike labours claim
In British breasts a never-ending fame.
Blest patriot-statesman! at whose stern command 15
Corruption dropp'd her mercenary hand,
While Vict'ry spread her wings from east to west
O'er hosts that triumph'd at thy bold behest:
To fire thy country's hopes, or hush her fears,
Thy plans of glory charm'd her senate's ears; 20
Not with more might, nor with sublimer rage,
DEMOSTHENES awak'd a sleeping age;
Each sterling period, with conviction fraught,
Blaz'd with a bright magnificence of thought;
Confusion heard, and from our counsels fled, 25
Astonish'd Ign'rance blush'd, and hid her head,
Thy radiant virtues round a monarch shone,
And lent a double lustre to the throne.

From me, no vulgar name, accept a tear :
Ev'n had no grateful grief bedew'd thy bier, 30
Borne it in melancholy pomp along,
Nor mimic stone confess'd thee to the throng,
These lonely sorrows in the sacred shade,
Had thus their voluntary tribute paid.

When Freedom thee deplor'd, her parting son, 35
Thy death confirm'd th' applause thy life had won.
That mournful day, when weak, alas ! and worn,
Like ROME's great APPIUS to the senate borne,
Thou saw'st thy offspring with a duteous state
Anxious uphold thy venerable weight, 40
Fond ev'ry just emotion to admire,
And catch the living greatness of their fire ;

Ver. 38. ROME's *great APPIUS*.] APPIUS CLAUDIUS, the censor, at an advanced age, and weighed down with infirmities, commanded his children to bear him to the senate-house, on hearing that PYRRHUS had defeated the Romans. The strength of his authority and eloquence roused the dejected republick, and determined her to act with her accustomed inflexibility.

While

While ev'ry ear was rapt, and bosom wrung
With the bold force of thy imperial tongue,
And all a Briton's ardour fir'd thy breast— 45
Clos'd were thy lips; thy vital pow'rs, oppress'd,
In that illustrious hour receiv'd their final pause,
That PITT might perish in his country's cause.

Vain moralists, who lecture from the tomb,
May teach the foul to startle at its doom, 50
The weak intimidate, the wise disgust,
We learn a nobler lesson from thy dust,
To mock at pain, the fear of death to brave,
Survive by virtuous fame, and dignify the grave.

What! tho' no more we hear thy thunders fly, 55
No more behold the lightning of thine eye,
Admire no more thy majesty of strain,
Still some immortal portion may remain,

Still

THE LATE EARL OF CHATHAM. 17

Still in each patriot mind thy image dwell,
Inspire the Roman thought, the Roman deed impel; 60
And, tho' thy voice be mute at Heav'n's command,
Thy spirit live to animate the land.

D

Why

THE LATE EARL OF CHATHAM.

Still in each patriot mind thy image dwells
Inspire the Nation through the Nation's soul;
And, that thy voice be heard in Heaven's council,
Thy spirit live to animate the land.

Why the MOON is like a FASHIONABLE WIFE*.

TO A FRIEND.

YOU say, Sir, once a Wit allow'd
A Lady to be like a Cloud;
Then take a simile as soon
Between a Woman and the Moon;
For, let mankind say what they will,
The sex are *beav'nly bodies* still.

5

Grant me (to mimic mortal life)
That Sun and Moon are Man and Wife;
Whate'er kind Sol affords to lend her,
Madam displays in *midnight splendour*;

10

* These lines having been handed about in manuscript for some years past, and attributed to various persons, the author was advised to assert his title to the property by printing them.

For while to rest he lays him down,

She's up, and gaz'd at thro' the town ;

From him her beauties close confining,

And only in his absence shining ;

Or else she looks like fullen tapers,

15

Or else is fairly in the vapours ;

Or owns at once a wife's ambition,

And fully glares in *opposition*.

Say, is not this a modish pair?

Since each for other feels no care ;

20

Whole days in sep'rate coaches driving,

Whole nights to keep afunder striving ;

Both in the dumps in gloomy weather,

And lying, once a month, together :

In one sole point unlike the cafes,—

25

On her own head the horns she places.

THE END.